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Northern Messenger

W Bronscombe 23 30½09

VOLUME XLIII. No. 47 MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 20, 1908. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

I KNOW MY SHEEP AND AM KNOWN OF MINE.

The Best Persuasion.

A soldier lay dying in the hospital. A visitor asked him: 'Of what Church are you?'

'Of the Church of Christ,' he replied.

'I mean, of what persuasion are you?' then inquired the visitor.

'Persuasion!' said the dying man, as his eyes looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Saviour. 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord.'

—Selected.

—'Religious Tract Society,' London.

Church Attendance.

The late Charles Spurgeon laid down as to Church attendance the principle that a Christian should attend Church in the morning for the sake of his own soul, and go out in the evening after the souls of other people. In other words Church attendance should not be merely for one's own pleasure or profiting. The strengthening of one's faith and the quickening of spiritual life through waiting on God should bear fruit in efforts to reach the unsaved. The problem of the second service would be solved should each one receiving blessing in the sanctuary make it a point to bring some other soul to the place of worship. Thought for others and the seeking to bring under the influence of the Gospel those estranged from, or neglectful of God's house, will serve to make that place and its privileges the more precious, and establish for oneself the habit of regular attendance on both the morning and evening service. It is not the pastor only, but his hearers as well who should watch for souls.—The 'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Balm of Forgetfulness.

There is a balm in forgetfulness. It heals all hurts and soothes all sorrows, and gives the soul time to grow strong again. We have sinned, we have suffered. Aye, but we have repented those sins in bitterness and tears. Now leave it all with the pitiful Father, and 'forgetting the things which are behind, reach forth unto those things which are before.' Sorrow, if too long indulged, enfeebles the soul. The best proof of our repentance of past sins is to try bravely to retrieve them, to sow flowers where we planted thorns—to be an active power for good. Sin is a terrible blot upon the life, but great is God's mercy to those who have repented, to those who fear him. 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.' The trusting heart will show its gratitude for the blotting out of its sins by 'forgetting those things which are behind.'

Let the grass grow over your saddened life
Of sorrow and sin and care;
'Let the grass grow over your graves of shame,
And your misery of despair;
Let the grass grow over your long-nursed woe
And the fear of that awful doubt;
Let the grass grow over the sin and the hate
That brought the trouble about.'

Selected.

Religious News.

Rev. Eugene P. Dunlap, the veteran Presbyterian missionary, has just returned to America on furlough. Six consecutive months last year, Rev. and Mrs. Dunlap toured on the west side of the Gulf of Siam. Their journey outfit included more than 2,000 books and tracts, five cases of medicines, a stereopticon, clothing for half a year and camping outfit. They travelled on 'ten steamers, twenty elephants, numerous buffaloes, carts and canoes, and long distances on foot.' They crossed the Malay Peninsula for the seventh time, taking sixteen days for it in order to sow Gospel seed all the way. In this tour they reached many places never before visited by a Christian missionary. They received twenty-nine adults into the Church. 'I should like to live one hundred years for this kind of work,' says Dr. Dunlap, 'the greatest joy in the world is telling others about our precious God.'—'Woman's Work.'

At the recent annual meeting of the Zenana and Bible Medical Mission it was reported that the income including £7,209 received in India, was £24,744, and the general expenditure £27,380. At the society's hospitals and dispensaries in Lucknow, Benares, Patna, Nasik, Ajodhya, and Jaunpur, 1,881 in-patients and 29,702 out-patients were treated during the year, besides 429 patients attended at their own homes. The lady doctors paid 5,557 visits, and there were 82,971 attendances at the dispensaries. The society now employs in India 150 missionaries and assistants, 163 teachers, nurses, etc., and 93 Bible-women, making a total of 406 workers in the field. The society has 49 schools and institutions, in which are 2,630 inmates. The missionaries and Bible-women have access to 8,209 zenanas, with 3,342 regular pupils under instruction. The Bible-women visit 927 villages.

The new order of things in 'New Korea' is described in a recent letter from one of our missionaries at Seoul:

Yesterday a wedding was performed in the First Methodist Church here, the contracting parties of which were both Koreans. The groom is the director of the Educational Bureau of Korea, and the bride the daughter of the governor of Chemulpo. Many prominent men and women were present. The dividing curtain between the men and the women was down its full length for the first time in the history of Korea. Among the higher class guests present was a prince who sat beside his wife, one of the ladies-in-waiting at the palace. Truly, it is startling to think of the contrast between the Korea of twenty years ago and the Korea of today. There sat many ladies who had always been so carefully nurtured and so completely secluded that one naturally thought it must be a frightful ordeal for them. Yet seemingly it was not so, for they chatted and laughed and seemed to feel as much at home in the gaze of the world as do their Western sisters. Hail to the new Korea.—'World-wide Missions.'

Work in Labrador.

A Series of Social Problems.

(Concluded.)

As we steamed up the bay next day we passed, about eighty miles up, a large, heavy boat with a slight built, thin figure pulling two oars in the bow, and a puny small boy pulling a scull aft. As there was no house for twenty miles ahead, we steamed alongside and asked him where he was going. To look for work in the mill, he said. I knew then who the man was. He has six children and a wife, and he, like my hunter friend, had been down the bay fishing. Eight days previously he had started to row this unsuited old boat, to see for himself if it were true that the mill was closed for the winter, and there would be no work. Several others had resigned themselves to their fate. But that was not the spirit of this man. Winds had held westerly, that was, right ahead. His sail had been useless, and he was out of all food except dry flour, not that he had much when he started. But now he had none, and there was no chance of getting any that night at any rate. It was well into September, and the nights were cold, and as when food is scarce clothes are still scarcer, the prospects for himself and the lad, were at least unpleasant. We were in a great hurry, as we wanted to steam up a very shallow river, with unbuoyed banks, so as to blow down our boiler before dark and get fresh water in the morning, while we visited the mill. The sun was already setting. The problem was, should we help these two and burden ourselves? Is there any profit or pleasure when it is so very inconvenient in helping lame dogs over styles as Kingsley puts it?

What sermon would Christ have us preach here?

We had on board a number of letters for various folk in this corner of the world, where opportunities for sending letters are not many. Among them was one for an aged widow with a grown half-silly daughter. She was eking out a living by working at skin-boot making, and at general sewing, and by the kindness of the manager of the mill here, she had rooms in a newly 'run up,' large rough shack, built really to accommodate some of his lumbermen. Her few possessions were not enough to overburden the room with furniture, and in truth it looked cheerless enough. One could not help being struck with the fact that the bed was fenced in underneath, and a very large rooster was disporting himself in his home. 'Have you no hens?' I asked. 'No, Doctor, I had one, but he died last year.' 'Why do you keep the old rooster, then?' 'I hope I may some day get a hen.' 'How long have you had the rooster?' 'About five years, Doctor. T'last manager o't'old mill gived him to me. But you see up here he can't ever get out to walk about. She had never lived off the ground floor herself. After that conversation it seemed it would be impious to suggest the death of that ancient bird. I produced now a letter from her son, 'Sandy,' a much married man, who lives a hundred miles away, and has a large and poorly-fed family himself. 'I can't read 'un,' he said. 'Please, Doctor, can you read 'un for me?' This I was pleased enough to do, and was glad indeed to read the expressions of filial love, and especially that out of a very poor catch for his family, he had sent on a well packed barrel of fish for his old mother. So many of the children who leave their parents and go to the United States and Canada, and make money, and do well, absolutely forget about their old parents entirely, who remain on this shore. I have listened only this week to three such cases. The letter ended in a pathetic way: 'It is getting dark, mother,' he wrote, 'and I can't see to write any more.' He was of that class who do not waste money by sitting up late and burning midnight oil. Kerosene is expensive up here, anyhow, and so the ill-scrawled letter that meant so much to the old lady, came to an abrupt end as so many so-called more valuable things will also. But that letter was a precious thing, and I felt highly honored by being its bearer and interpreter.

It was a true missionary message.

Since I commenced my letter, Mr. Editor, we have come to an anchor in the Hamilton river, and the manager has come on board. To our inexpressible joy we hear he will not only let his Canadian lumbermen return, but that he will operate enough to employ all the settlers who are depending on him. A wonderful fall of rain has occurred while he was away in Canada arranging his final directions for the mill, and, when a fortnight ago the manager arrived to close the mill, he found some twelve hundred logs washed down into the well-spread boom, that for four years had lain in the river unget-at-able. It seemed to be a special act of Providence, and now he will hasten back at once to Canada, raise, if possible, the necessary money, get provisions to operate through the winter, and will, though the winter will be on him before he can return, have the joy of knowing that he will save much suffering while we all pray he may have great success.

If it should appear from my letter, Mr. Editor, that my faith in Labrador as a country was failing, I have given quite the wrong impression. I fully believe it will one day be a rich country. Its pulpwood alone would support a large population. Its minerals wait, I have no doubt whatever, only to be discovered. Its scenic attractions in the north are magnificent, and thirty or forty miles in from the heads of these bays, where no summer frosts were found, it seems to me that things grow so quickly and so richly, that one day cereals of a hardy nature will grow in abundance in the whole interior of this vast peninsula. Its hunting and its rich fishing added, assure it a future when it is handled as it will be in the future. At present its resources are being only played with.

We ourselves intend to stick to it, anyhow, for its rugged coast has been our home for many years now, and with acquaintance one certainly learns to love it more, and especially its opportunities for the gospel.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Mary Childs, Montreal, $5.00; An aged widow, Chippawa Hill, $3.00; G. H. W. Birch, Montreal, $5.00; A Friend, Red Deer, Alta., 50cts.; Mrs. Jas. Ferguson, Granby, P. Que., $1.00; Miss Mary McKerley, Abbotsford, P. Que., $1.00; Total.. .. ..$ 15.50

Received for the cots:—

A Friend, Red Deer, Alta..	.50
Previously on hand..	1,340.57
Total on hand Nov. 3..	$ 1,348.32

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1908.

World's Temperance Sunday.

Isaiah xxviii., 1-13. Memory verse 11.

Golden Text.

I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection. I. Cor. ix., 27.

Home Readings.

Monday, November 23.—Isa. xxxviii., 1-13.
Tuesday, November 24.—Prov. xxiii., 19-35.
Wednesday, November 25.—I. Cor. vi., 1-17.
Thursday, November 26.—Eph. v., 1-21.
Friday, November 27.—Isa. v., 11-22.
Saturday, November 28.—Num. vi., 1-12.
Sunday, November 29.—Hab. ii., 1-20.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Willie, stretch out your arm and clench your fist. Ah, you can do that easily, can't you? Did your arm come out of itself? Well, no, you all know that you walk not because your legs want to, you move your hands and arms not because they want to move, but all your actions come from the mind which controls and moves your body. The little boy who was found on a chair in the pantry eating jam and who said that his legs made him climb up on the chair and his hand just put itself in the jam pot, really knew very well that his legs and hands only did what his mind let them do. You know that you are not just a body, don't you? You know that 'you' just live inside your body and work it. Our golden text says 'I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection.' The apostle Paul who said that meant that he himself kept his body down just as he would a man who was fighting with him. Suppose Will, that you and Jack were wrestling, where would you like Jack to be? Certainly you'd want to keep Jack down, because if he got on top and you were under, he would prove that he was stronger than you. That's what Paul means. He does not intend that his body shall ever get stronger than himself, so he keeps it under and doesn't give it a chance. Do you know of any way in which your body could come to be your master? That little boy that we mentioned a little while ago was letting his body be the master. He could have stopped his naughty little feet and hands, but he didn't, because his tongue and his taste liked jam so well, so down went his mind and himself and his body took the lead and carried him where he ought not to go. Suppose that you were used to struggling with another boy and every time you let him put you down; he'd be getting stronger all the time and you would soon forget how to wrestle at all, wouldn't you? It's just like that with yourself and your body. Every time you let it have its way, it gets stronger and you get weaker. You can all use your arms and legs as you like now, but there are some people who can not. There are some men whose legs carry them bunting up against walls and tumbling over into gutters, whose hands won't open their own house doors for them or put the key into the keyhole for them. These are men who have let their bodies have their own way so long that now they can't get their bodies to obey them, and we call them——? Drunkards.

FOR THE SENIORS.

These are the days when more than ever the temperance question is a live one, and just to be up-to-date we must know what is going on in this connection the world over. All the world is awake to the question and governments are giving it serious attention. As intemperance is the enemy of all morality, it is preeminently the enemy of the church, and the time given to its consideration is never lost time. Our lesson from the long past centuries shows God's servant in no half-hearted opposition to the curse which he realized was wrecking not only the morality of his people, but their very nationality. The nation weakened by drunkenness and luxury was becoming an easy prey to the grasping Assyrian king, and Isaiah declares that God will not prevent the result of man's own persistent folly, but even then in distress God will give the needed strength to all who turn to him (verses 5 and 6). Verses 9-13 can only be understood by seeing that the prophet represents himself as coming into a drunken revel (verse 8) where his warnings are met with mockery.

The 'Jerusalem Drinkers' indignantly ask (verse 9), 'Whom shall he teach knowledge?' What right has Isaiah to talk to us thus? Are we babies just weaned from the milk? Are we mere school children to be chided and warned in this way? (Verse 10), 'For precept must be upon precept.' The Revised Version gives the true meaning, 'For it is precept upon precept.' The prophet is telling the same story all the time, continually repeating, everywhere, all the time, in season, out of season, the same old warning. 'The original "tzaw latzaw tzaw latzaw, kaw lakaw kaw lakaw" is a mocking conformation of Isaiah's message to a nurse's child-prattle,' explains the 'New Century Bible.' We might attempt to reproduce it by 'Law on law, law on law; saw on saw, saw on saw; ("saw" instead of "saying" for the sake of rhyme) a bittie here and a bittie there.' We see no mimicry of a drunkard's stammering here. The words are purposely abbreviated and reduced to rhyme in the Hebrew. The priests attempt to convey the impression of stale and wearisome iteration in the prophet's message.'

The Prophet answers: This seems monotonous to you, but you will have another kind of monotony if you do not give heed to my words. For with stammering lips. Better as the Revised Version gives it, 'For by men of strange lips, and with another tongue, ("viz." that of the Assyrian hordes) will he speak to this people to whom he said, This is the rest . . . this is the refreshing.' God had pointed out to them how they might have rest and prosperity, 'yet they would not hear.'

Verse 13. Therefore by the Assyrian invasion, they should find precept upon precept, etc., a monotonous teaching by afflictions and sorrows, till they . . . fall backward, and be broken, as came to pass in later years.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Verse 1. Woe. Not a wish or a prayer for woe, but a warning that woe was coming. To the crown of pride. The capital, so called, because it crowned the hill, or because its battlemented walls resembled a crown. To (better 'of') the drunkards of Ephraim, ut for the whole kingdom, because Ephraim was the leading tribe. Whose glorious beauty. The 'glorious beauty' of Samaria was a beauty of magnificent luxury. 'Summer' and 'winter houses' distinct each from the other (Amos v., 11); 'ivory palaces' (I. Kings xxii., 39; Amos iii., 15); a wealth of 'gardens, vineyards, fig-orchards, and olive-yards' (Amos iv., 9); residences of 'hewn stone' (Amos v., 11); feasts enlivened with 'the melody of viols' (Amos v., 23); 'beds of ivory' (Amos vi., 4); 'wine in bowls' (Amos vi., 6); 'chief ointments' (Amos vi., 6) constituted a total of luxurious refinement beyond which few nations had proceeded at the time.—'Rawlinson.' Is a fading flower. It was a kind of beauty that was liable to fade. It had nothing of the riches that endure.

Verse 2 For a study of the historical situation and the threatened Assyrian invasion which here refers to read II. Kings xvii., 1-23; xviii., 1-10; II. Chron. xxix., xxx.

Dr. T. D. Crothers, superintendent of Walnut Lodge Hospital, Hartford, Conn., declared that alcohol is more dangerous than the disease it is given to correct. 'Both alcoholism and tuberculosis, one the "great white plague" and the other the "great black one," are a menace to civilization.'

Adolf Fick, M.D., Professor of Physiology, University of Wurzburg, states that 'Every dose of alcohol, even the most moderate, diminishes strength. All that man asserts of the strengthening effects of alcohol is a delusion. The well known poor man's glass during working hours is beyond question injurious. Every penny which the workman spends for alcoholic drinks is not only wasted but employed for a destructive purpose.'

August Forel, M.D., Professor of Psychiatry, University of Zurich, says: 'Life is considerably shortened by the use of alcohol in large quantities. But a moderate consumption of the same also shortens life by an average of five or six years.'

Insurance Offices, where a most careful and scientific investigation has been made, tell how alcohol takes away health and life.

Aetna Life: 'Drink diseases the system and shortens life.'

Dominion Life: 'Weakens constitution to resist disease.'

Equitable Mutual Life: 'Drink impairs vitality; less likely to throw off disease.'

Hartford Life: 'Moderate use lays foundation for disease.'

Knights' Templar and Masonic Mutual Aid: 'Total abstainer the better risk.'

Massachusetts Mutual Life: 'Drink reduces expectation of life nearly two thirds.'

Pacific Mutual Life: 'Predisposes to disease.'

Royal Templars of Temperance: 'Death rate much lower among abstainers.'

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, November 29.—Topic—Home missions: A million a year, our foreign immigrants. Isa. ii., 1-22.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, November 23.—The everlasting gospel. Rev. xiv., 6.

Tuesday, November 24.—The knowledge of the Lord. Isa. xi., 9.

Wednesday, November 25.—Praying for missions. Eph. vi., 18-20.

Thursday, November 26.—Fellow helpers. 3 John 5-8.

Friday, November 27.—Who will go? Isa. vi., 8, 9.

Saturday, November 28.—Some home missionaries. Matt. x., 5-7.

Sunday, November 29.—Topic—Indian children. John xiii., 34.

For the time being there may not be much satisfaction perhaps in teaching a class of restless, mischievous boys, or a lot of giddy, giggling girls. They are so inattentive, so indifferent to all that is said as to make a teacher feel as if all the good seed sown has fallen on stony ground. Every attempt to religiously train and mold the young seems to be futile, and the work is discouraging. And yet words spoken in love are not utterly lost, even though they do fall upon seemingly listless ears. Many are imbedded way down deep in the mind, only in later years to develop into noble manhood or lovely womanhood. It is no trivial joy for a teacher later on in life, after perhaps long years of separation, to meet some of his former pupils and learn from their own lips how under the influence of his teaching in part they were brought into the new life. No experience can impart so rich and abiding a joy.—'Baptist Teacher.'

A Bible Study Contest.

The older boys and girls as well as the Sunday School teachers and others who read this page would be interested in the Bible Study Club which has recently started in the Montreal 'Witness.' Any one who really thinks things out for himself or herself has a chance of the medals and prizes; for the honors are won by the good sense of the replies rather than by the fine composition or learning shown. One may join at any time. Only one question is to be answered each week, and the reply is to contain NOT OVER two hundred words. If you do not take the 'Witness,' drop us a post card asking for 'a sample copy of the "Witness" with particulars of the New Bible Study Club,' and we will gladly send you a copy free. Apart from any honors to be won by the contest, every one who really follows these questions has his sure and certain reward in an increased knowledge of the Word of God.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pl[illegible]yself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Ontario sends us six new members this week, New Brunswick, four, and Manitoba, three; thirteen in all. Ruby and Gracie MacLeod, S.B., Ont.; Lloyd Wightman, L., Ont.; Olive Christie, D., Ont.; Mary and Gracie Biggs, N.B., Ont.; Muriel McQueen, S., N.B.; Gladys J. Smith, S., N.B.; Bessie H. Edgett, S.M., N.B.; Edna Brown, L.Q., N.B., and Reta Anderson, Sadie Wilkins, Ida Hillier, K., Man; Mabel Herald, B.F., Ont., says she wishes to join, and her brother will, too, if he does not have to wear the badge. No one has to wear the badge; you only do that if you wish to, and if you think it will help you to remember your pledge. All you have to do is to write the pledge out, sign, and send it to us so that we can keep your pledge with the others. Then, of course, you must try your very best to keep it at all times. We got one letter this week that we were very pleased to get, from a mother who said that the R. L. of K. had made a great change for the better in that home already. Can your mother say that, do you think? At school, too, do you think your schoolmates find you just as ready with the sharp reply as ever?

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and as I have not seen very many letters from around here, I thought I would like to write one. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday School, and I enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence page. I am joining the R. L. of K. and am sending my pledge in with this letter. GLADYS McFADYEN.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I did not see any stories about kindness in the 'Messenger,' so I thought I would write one. My little sister is also sending one. My little friend, Hazel Devine, lives next door to me, and she sent a letter to you. It was in the paper last week. I am twelve years old and in Sen. fourth book at school. I will close now hoping to see some more stories in the 'Messenger.'

MURIEL WAIT.

[What we wanted was really true stories, Muriel, about some kind act that you know was done. Did you mean your story for that or did you just make up a little tale? You don't say which. Ed.]

L., Ont.

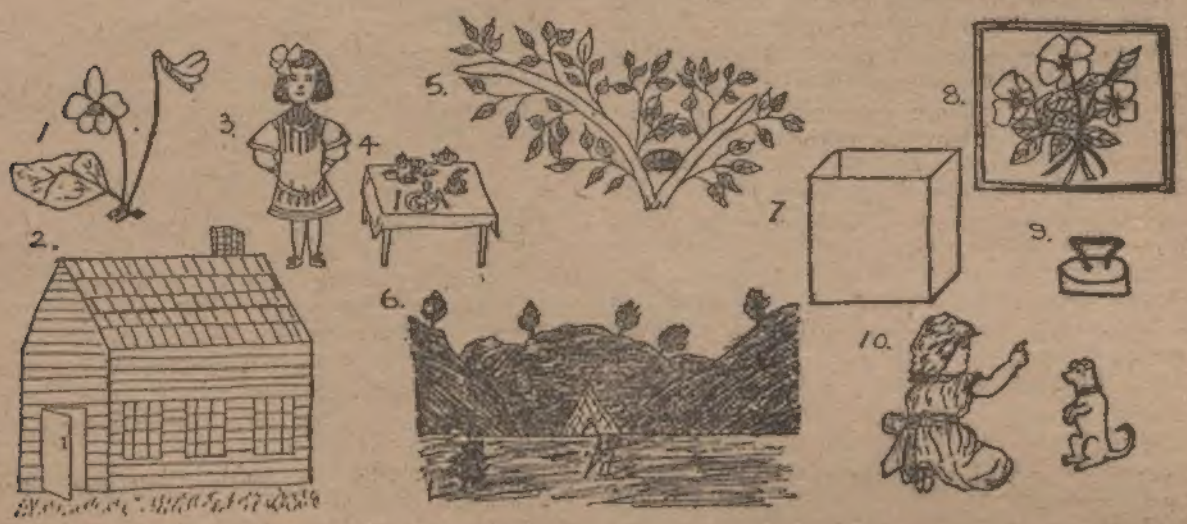
Dear Editor,—I am eight years old and my father is a cheesemaker. I have lots of fun watching them make the cheese. I have one brother and no sisters. I am in the second book and go to school every day.

MAX GRANT.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter to the 'Messenger,' as it is such a nice little paper. My grandmother takes it and I get it from her all the time. I think the Royal League of Kindness has a splendid pledge.

ETHEL DRAPPO.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Violets.' Ruby MacLeod, S.B., Ont.
2. 'Our School House.' Charles R. Fulton (age 12), P., N.S.
3. 'A Little Girl.' Olive Anderson (age 13), T., Ont.
4. 'Tea-table.' C. J. Eng (age 16), M., Sask.
5. 'A Sheltered Nest.' Violet Clement, B., Ont.
6. 'The Mountains.' R. Cumming (age 11), M. P.Que.
7. 'Box.' Christine Shead, M.C., P.E.I.
8. 'Flowers.' Lela S. Acorn, M.V., P.E.I.
9. 'Flat Iron.' Addaline Lucia Sheffield (age 10), C., Ont.
10. 'Marjorie and her Dog.' Carrie Sobey (age 14), P., N.B.

The Thoughts of Another Little Child.

So many of you have cats of your own that you tell about in your letters that we thought you would be interested in how one little child away off in England describes his pussy. This little boy thought about a number of things and an English paper published a lot of his thoughts. Perhaps later on we shall see what he thought about birds and trees, but just now we are sure you will be interested in

THE BLACK CAT.

My darling pussy cat has a black dress, an' little white gloves an' shoes, an' a most dear little bib under her sweet chin; she has long white whiskers, too, and beautiful green eyes that shine in the dark. She tells me lots of secrets every day, and when I wake up at night. Her name is Duppy. Once we had a lovely secret; that was when mother was away, an' she went an' got three most sweet little kittens, all just like herself, for me to play with, 'cause she thought I was lonely. She hid them in the garret in the shoe-cupboard, on mother's old fur-coat, an' nobody knew but me.

My Duppy-cat is not a cat 'really'; she is a person, an' she hates to be called an animal. She is much more sensibler than some peoples, an' she is never proud. She is very kind to me. Once I was naughty, an' nurse forget me in the corner. An' my Duppy-cat brought me a little mouse, 'cause I was so hungry.

But when I 'xplained to her that my sort of peoples didn't eat mouses she was not cross, an' we put it out on the window-sill, an' it ran away in the ivy. Though all the time it 'tended to be dead.

Duppy plays all kinds of games with me. Sometimes I dress her up, an' we 'tend to be kings an' queens. When I take her little soft paw she shows me her long sharp claws, but she never scratches me, no matter what I do, 'cause she knows I love her. My Duppy plays with everything but the sea; she jumps over the grass, an' plays with the leaves, an' her tail waves all the time.

Sometimes we 'tend to be in the jungle, an' I'm a tiger. I wish I could jump like her, I would jump right over our house, an' go in at the kitchen door; an' I would love to sit on the house-top, among the chimney-pots, with Duppy. An' wouldn't they all be su'prised!

OTHER LETTERS.

Two quite new little friends of the 'Messenger' write short letters this week, Gladys Moody, E., Ont., and Frances Rogers, A., P. E.I. We are glad to hear from you both. Your drawing will be in later, Frances. Gladys, you ask one of the other correspondents to write to you. It is against our rule to print free addresses so that could not be arranged. We are glad, however, to see so much interest shown by our correspondents in each other's letters.

Bessie H. Edgett, S.N., N.B.; Bessie E. Jenne, N., P.Que., and Marjorie Dixon, West Toronto, also sent little letters.

To Our Bright Young Reader.

You like the 'Messenger,' do you not? And you surely know at least five young friends who do not now get the 'Messenger' in their home but who would like to get it through the mail in their own name. Get five of these friends to give you 10 cents each, send the .50 to us along with the five names and addresses very carefully written, and we will start sending the 'Northern Messenger' at once to each one and send it for three full months on trial. Besides this we will send you six beautiful colored pictures 9 x 16 inches long, 'Pansy Blossoms,' well worth framing. You give one to each of your club of five, keep the sixth yourself, and get besides a beautiful enamelled Maple Leaf Brooch for your trouble. Anyone who reads this, may get up a 'Pansy Blossom' club; and the same person may send us half a dozen such clubs one after the other. Be sure the names you send are from families that have not been getting the 'Messenger' at all. Anyone may pay you 10 cents and give you the name of some cousin or niece or grandchild. The 'Messenger' will be sent anywhere you order it in Canada (except Montreal or suburbs), or in the British Isles or Newfoundland, the 'Pansy Blossoms,' however, all go to you to give around.

Let your mother or father show you how to send the money properly. It is always better to send by postal note or money order, but you could send by registered letter, or in stamps if more convenient. Don't send loose coins in an envelope.

Send names and money to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, and mark on the corner of the envelope and at the top of your letters 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

MORE POSIES.

The following names must be added to the list of those who have sent in 'Pansy Blossom Clubs':—Laura M. White, Ont.; Louise I. Daley, N.B.; Lillian G. Comwall, N.S.; Bessie May Longhead, N.S., aged 8; Lewis F. Lowther, P. E. I.; Johnnie Tooke, Que., aged 8; Annie E. Ward, N.B.; Belle McArthur, P. E. I.; Annie I. Henry, N.B.; Effie H. Hicks, Que.; Kathleen V. Nickerson, N.S.; Cora Jewett, N.B.; Bertha Roberts, Nfld.; Mrs. A. J. Butlimer, N.B.; Ethel Sturgeon, N.B.; Ethelwyn Irvine, Que.; Eleanor Carson, Que.; Oliver Christie, Ont.; Bertha Fawcett, Ont.; Libbie Glascott, Ont.; Sadie Smith, Ont.; Ida Stevens, N.S.

P.S.—Of course all the new friends who have begun to take the 'Messenger' through someone else's club may at once set to work to get up a club of 'Pansy Blossoms' themselves. The more the merrier. You know the more you gather pansies the faster they bloom, and we will try to keep our garden blooming right into mid-winter, won't we?

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Dreams of Youth.

A Triolet.

Still follow the dreams of your youth,
And fortune will never betray you;
Keep its ideal, believe in its truth,
Still follow the dreams of your youth.
And when you are old, and forsooth
Ill-luck does its best to dismay you,
Still follow the dreams of your youth,
And fortune will never betray you.

HARRIET H. ROBINSON.

All Alone in the World.

'Oh, dear!' sighed Beatrice, as she dragged herself discontentedly into the room and dropped upon a rug. 'I don't see what's the use of little bits of girls and great big ones. Littler than me are only babies, and have to be talked down to and petted, and even then they're whimpering half the time; and big ones just like to snub somebody. When I am not wearing myself out looking after the baby, I'm being shut up and told to run on errands by Ella and Blanche and the girls a size or two bigger. Just my size and tallness are all that's any good, and there isn't a single other one in the whole hotel.'

'Isn't my little girl feeling well to-day?' asked her mother, solicitously.

'Yes, thank you, perfectly well,' answered Beatrice, pensively, 'It isn't that. I'm not ill, nor—nor morbid, nor anything like that. It's only that I'm all alone in the world. Ella has her bosom friend, and Blanche her chums, and even little Tommy Carter, who's only two years older than me, says he's got jolly companions. I haven't anybody—not anybody.'

'Too bad!' commented her mother, thoughtfully. 'You will have to content yourself with living alone, I suppose. There are those who do that and live very happy, I believe, in helping others, and——'

'But I don't want to help others,' interrupted Beatrice, impatiently. 'I'm sick and tired of running errands for others, with no thanks except "that's a good girl; now run away and play, and don't bother us." Hut I don't want to be a good girl. I want jolly companions, like Tommy. If I can't have them, or chums, like Blanche, or something, I'll live alone, and not have anything to do with their foolishness. I can make believe to myself. I don't want to plan for anybody's good except just my own, and yours, mamma,' she said, decidedly. 'Other folks don't want me, so what should I help them for?'

'Suppose you stand here by the window and look out upon the world,' her mother suggested. 'See what people are doing, and imagine how they feel and what they need. Quite a good deal can be seen from our window.'

They were in the third story of a big hotel at Brighton, and their window overlooked a wide lawn, with summer pavilion and shade trees and tennis-court, and the blue waters of the sea beyond. Beatrice looked out indifferently, as befitted one who was set apart and alone.

'There's the Smith twins and Blanche,' she said, presently, 'and they're playing croquet. It wasn't more than an hour ago that I offered to play croquet with Eva Smith, and she tossed her head and said she didn't care much for it, though the game was nice enough for children. She was going to hunt somebody who could play tennis. Now they've got the croquet set out. Eva's half a year older than I am, and her sister Jean's a year and a half,' she added.

'Let me see,' said her mother, quietly, 'it's two weeks since that girl came down with the Smiths snubbed you?'

'Yes, ma.'

Beatrice's face reddened a little, though the humiliation had scarcely been absent from her thoughts a moment since.

'Unfortunately, you're a rather sensitive little girl,' went on her mother, in a matter-of-fact, impersonal sort of way, 'and it may be you took the matter to heart, and began to look for slights from everyone. I often sit here by the window and see quite a good deal that goes on at the pavilion and about the lawn. Before the girl came I used to think you quite popular among the young people. She was here only two days; but since then you—er—have seemed a good deal alone. Do you remember how you spoke to Eva about the croquet?'

Beatrice was silent for some moments.

'I don't mean to put myself in the way for more slights,' she said, at last, doubtfully. 'I—I spoke to Eva as if I didn't care a bit about croquet myself, but I thought it might please her. Of course, I expected Eva to turn away, as all the girls are doing, and by speaking like that made it not matter so much, you see.'

'Cold water thrown into the face is apt to chill one a little at first,' smiled her mother. 'But, of course, such things don't matter now, so long as you mean to live alone. That will keep you from encountering any more slights. Now you can look out at people and forget yourself entirely. Remember you have nothing to do with them except to watch them for amusement.'

Beatrice made a grimace, but continued to look out. There was Tommy going down to the beach to sail boats, and two or three of the next size were accompanying him. Ella was walking under the trees arm-in-arm with a friend; and there were several young people playing games about the lawn.

Beatrice's gaze passed from one to another a little wistfully; but finally went under the trees to a little hammock where it remained a long time. At last she turned indignantly.

'Mamma,' she cried, 'that young lady in the corner front house is down in the hammock all alone, and her maid isn't in sight anywhere.'

'The sick one?'

'Yes, ma. It's the first time she's been out in three days, and her papa and mamma went off driving this morning, and now the maid—it's a shame. And she's looking quite lonely—as if she needed something.

'Somebody ought to go down and see if she does want something,' she exclaimed. 'May I go, mamma?'

'Certainly, if you wish.'

It was an hour before she returned. Her face was glowing.

'She's Miss Esten, and she did want a drink of water so badly,' Beatrice cried. 'And she's such a charming girl! She made me sit down on the grass, and we talked and talked and talked. And this evening I'm to go and take tea with her in her rooms. It's beautiful in there, for I went by once when the door was open. And, oh! say mamma,' with a tone of surprised ecstasy in her voice, 'when I was coming back, just running, you know, because I was so glad, I met Eva face to face, and before I thought I said 'twas a lovely day, and did she have a nice time playing croquet, and then O mamma!' drawing a long breath, 'she threw her arms right round my neck, and said she was so glad I'd got back, and would I come out in the morning and play croquet. She and the other girls would be so glad to have me. I—I can't understand it, mamma, only that I'm so glad!' But her mother only smiled.—'Christian Globe.'

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(See Family Club on page 11)

(These offers not good for Montreal or suburbs, or for United States.)

'Mardie's Way.'

It is a great comfort to live with equable people. Nothing is much more trying to the nerves than to be associated in domestic life with those who are all good cheer and friendliness one moment and tornadoes or pent-up storms the next.

Stella M—— was a young person of this description. Her whole family suffered from her; suffered in silence, for expostulations only seemed to make things worse. They accepted with gratitude the sunshine she bestowed, and with chastened hearts the sullenness and petulance.

But one summer after a visit to a classmate Stella came home a changed being. A liberal dose of the same kind of treatment she had accorded her father and mother, brothers and sisters, had been meted out to her. Her family wondered at the change and rejoiced, but said nothing. They were afraid to break the charm. Finally, however, an older sister spoke hesitatingly.

'Tell me, Stella,' she said, 'what it is that has changed you so?'

'Is the change for the better or for the worse, do you think?' was the mischievous response.

'Nonsense; for the better, as you well know. Tell me what has happened.'

'Well,' she replied gravely, 'I have been seeing myself as others see me. That is all. The evening I got to Mardie's she was so cordial and kind in every way, that she made me feel as if I were her dearest friend. But the next morning all was changed. There was a pall over everything. I wondered what I could have said or done to hurt her, when lo! all was changed again and she was the same as before. So things kept going on, giving me chills and fever alternately, until finally I spoke to her mother about it, for I could get no satisfaction from Mardie.

'"Oh, that is only Mardie's way," she said. "Don't let it worry you. We are so used to it that I suppose we do not notice it as you do. She doesn't mean anything. It's simply a question of moods!'

'Moods or not, I was so disgusted with my lady at the end of my six weeks' visit that I made up my mind that when I returned home you should profit by my object-lesson. That's all, dear.'

How helpful if all of us could only see 'ourselves as others see us!'—'Young People.'

Something About Our Favorite Nuts.

(By Lena Blinn Lewis, in the 'Union Gospel News.')

As the cool days come and with them our old friend—Jack Frost—we remember the nuts and the pop-corn, and at Thanksgiving, Christmas and often between, we invite the foreign cousins of our home grown nuts to spend an evening with us. But perhaps we know very little about them after all.

However, before we talk of these visitors I wonder if the Searchlights know that the wood from the black walnut trees is greatly in demand. For some years back walnut furniture has not been popular, but now it comes in a very beautiful form and is also expensive, owing to the manner in which it must be prepared. It is quarter sawed. If any of our members do not understand just what that means they had better look it up.

After the wood is correctly sawed and

made into furniture it is given what is called the 'waxfinish.' This is not a polish, but is dull and soft in appearance.

The English Walnut

grows in Asia and nearly all over Europe; also in southern California, from where many of the nuts we receive come from. Its wood is not as handsome as the black walnut but is used very largely in France for making furniture.

The nuts are pressed to secure the oil which is valuable and used much as olive oil is used.

The sap of the English walnut tree is made into wine.

Filberts

belong to the hazelnut family and are very much like the little hazelnuts of our own country, only that the husks are long and bearded and the nuts are much larger. They grow in Spain and in other parts of Europe. The wood of the Filbert bushes is used to manufacture hoops, crates, and whip-handles. It is also burned and the charcoal used to make a fine artist's crayon. The oil of the filbert is valuable.

The Almond Tree

grows in Western Asia and in the countries around the Mediterranean Sea. The trees are about fifteen feet high and the wood is hard and of reddish color. It is largely used as veneer. The nuts are covered with a hard, green shell, which dries as the nuts ripen and finally opens and the nuts drop out as do our chestnuts.

There are two kinds of almonds: the bitter nuts, which are poisonous as they contain prussic acid, and the sweet almonds, which are so much used in confectionary as well as in other ways.

The almond oil is used in medicine and in soap. These nuts are successfully grown in California.

The Brazil Nut

grows on a large tree on the Orinoco river in South America. The nuts are formed in a smooth, round case about half as large as a man's hand. Inside of this case the nuts are packed closely together, like the sections to an orange, twenty or thirty of them in a case. It is considered dangerous to walk under these trees when the nuts are in season, as the shells are so hard that if one fell and struck a person on the head it would be likely to break the skull.

The monkeys are good helpers in gathering the nuts, and the natives have learned that if they stand some distance from the tree and pelt the monkeys with sticks, they will throw the cases of nuts back at them, and as the natives keep out of their way, they finally secure the nuts. If a case of nuts accidentally falls and breaks, the monkeys have great sport and are wild with delight.

The Pecan

is not a foreign nut as most people think, because it is always found in a collection of mixed foreign nuts.

The pecan tree is of the family of hickories and grows wild in southwestern United States. The trees are from sixty to seventy feet high and the wood is of but little use aside from fuel. The name 'pecan' was given by the Indians.—'Union Gospel News.'

The Boys' Promise.

(By Hattie Canfield.)

Ned and Har-ry had a long sto-ry to tell Mam-ma, aft-er com-ing home from their Cous-in Dai-sy's house.

'You see, Mam-ma, Dai-sy's Pa-pa is sick, and he is-n't as good and kind as he used to be; 'stead of kissing her good-night, he says, "Take that child to bed," and when she ran to meet him this morn-ing he shook her. Dai-sy showed me a big red mark on her arm, and I prom-ised I would-n't tell a-ny one but you, 'cause she said he did-n't mean

to hurt her. I guess Dai-sys's Mam-ma thinks he's go-ing to die, for she cries and cries when no-bod-y's look-ing.

'Now, don't you feel bad, Mam-ma. Just wait till we tell you what hap-pened,' said Ned. 'You see, we tried to think of some way to cure Dai-sy's Pa-pa. I thought it would be nice if we could have a real grown-up prayer-meet-ing, and Dai-sy said she guessed God would list-en to us if we were lit-tle; so we went in-to the li-bra-ry, and found her Pa-pa a-sleep on the lounge. He looked so white and sick that we did-n't wait one minute, but knelt down on the rug and Daisy said, 'Dear Fa-ther up in Heav-en, we are having lots of trou-ble down here. My Pa-pa is sick, and he is so differ-ent, too; he hurts me some-times, but he don't mean to, so I don't tell Mam-ma. Cous-ins Ned and Har-ry are here, and won't you please an-swer our prayers for Je-sus' sake? A-men.'

'And Mam-ma,' said Har-ry, quickly, 'just as soon as she was through I was go-ing to pray. But when Dai-sy said "A-men," I looked up, and there was Dai-sy's pa-pa, wide a-wake, and cry-ing so hard! He caught Dai-sy up and kissed her, and said, "My own lit-tle daugh-ter, your pray-er shall be an-swered, for, by God's help, I shall be well a-gain." And then he told us it was beer that had made him sick, and made him cru-el to his little girl. And we're nev-er go-ing to drink a-ny of that stuff, for it would make you so unhap-py if we did. And, Mam-ma, is-n't it good to know that God answers our pray-ers?'

And Ned and Har-ry's moth-er smiled through her tears—'she' was glad, too.—The 'Picture Leaflet.'

'With Amy's Love.'

(A Story Founded on Fact.)

(By Helen Elizabeth Coolidge, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'March 7th.'

Went to South Washington to see Margaret Miller. It went to my heart to see the bright, hectic flush and the thin, wasted fingers so nervously playing with the patched quilt. I found that the family had food and fuel enough for present needs, but, oh! those people starve and shiver for the food and warmth that love and sympathy alone can give; they are so shut out from all that is beautiful, even if it be not essential.

'March 19th.'

Margaret welcomed me to-day with a smile more than usually wistful. I put down the cod liver oil I had brought and took the little hand in mine.

'Mrs. Williamson, you have been so good to me, and given me so many things that I "need." I wonder if you'll let me ask for something else—something, oh! something I do so want to have for my very own!' and her eyes took the look of happy anticipation. She is only seventeen, I thought, and what can these bare walls hold to feed her longing. So, I answered: 'You may ask me now.' 'I want, oh! I want a "gold" ring. I've never had a ring, and—please mark it "With Mrs. Williamson's love."'

The tears came to my eyes and I could hardly command my voice, but I said, cheerily: 'You shall have the ring, but as Mrs. Williamson is such a long name, I shall use my shorter one, and mark it "With Amy's love."'

A spell of coughing prevented her thanks, but the face I saw as I left the room, while it had not lost its happy expression, haunted me, seeming to say: 'Don't delay!'

I am glad that, in spite of a threatening storm, I did order the ring on my way home; a little band, simply chased—somehow, my own cluster of sapphire and diamonds seemed too much for 'me,' who have also health and happiness.

'March 20th.'

I had a ticket for the concert, but Margaret's face would come before me, and her 'I've never had a ring' rang in my ears, so I sent my ticket to Miss Holly, hoping no music pupils would prevent her using it, and stopping at Galt's for the little package took it to Margaret's. As I entered I noticed the girl was weaker than when I had left her, so, laying aside my wraps and leaving the ring case hidden in my muff, I determined to have a quiet talk before giving an exciting pleasure.

'I'm not very strong, Mrs. Williamson,' she said. 'It tires me—tires me—to—cough—but I don't think I will be afraid when I have to go. I have never forgotten my prayers and Jesus was always good to sick people.'

I don't remember what I answered, but in

some way it seemed to soothe, and she was very calm as I read to her of the New Jerusalem, with its streets of gold and walls of precious stones, and her face became almost beautiful with the peace that stole over the wasted features. Then I slipped the ring on her slender finger so quickly that she felt before she saw it. When she held up her hand and realized that the glittering gold band was hers—her heart's desire gratified, her face fairly shone—there was a glory in it beyond words to express—it seemed to light the dingy room, and I was so overcome that I slipped out as quickly as I could, scarcely knowing whether I still heard the words: 'Mine! Mine! Oh! Isn't it beautiful!' or if only their echo fell on my ear. So small a gift and such a rich reward! I wished that I had not promised to dine out; I wanted time to think over the pathetic scene and realize that I owned gifts which were mine only that I might share them. 'I was sick and ye visited Me'—and then I saw, again, the glory on that face!

'March 21st.'

I did not reach home until late last night, so overslept this morning. With my mail I found a crumpled note. 'It was left for you very early this morning,' said my maid, 'by a ragged looking boy, whom cook found crying at the gate when she unlocked it.'

The note ran thus: 'My child Margaret went to sleep with the ring on her finger—she ain't never woke up. Mebbe she's walkin' on them golden streets now.

'JANE MILLER.'

She had lived only half an hour after we parted. Her mother said the smile never left her face. I wish that sometime this story might be known, without having my share in it known 'as' mine. There are so many Margarets with unsatisfied longings—so many rings waiting to be fitted—and, are there not, somewhere, under all the silks and satins, hearts more than ready to respond to simple requests and to make a gift a thousandfold more precious by the magic words: 'With Amy's love?'

The Homeless Cat.

(By Jane A. Stewart, in 'The Union Signal.')

'Drop that!'

A hand came down heavily on Harold Paine's shoulder, and he dropped the stone he was about to throw at a cat which was crouching against the fence.

It was Donald Bush, a neighbor and an older boy, who spoke.

'Don't you see you have hurt the poor cat?' he said. And going over to the fence he showed its bleeding paw to Harold.

'I'd be ashamed to hit an animal; and one that is suffering so, too,' said Donald. He lifted the cat in his arms and started off.

'Where are you going?' queried Harold, curiously. He had not meant to hurt the cat, and the sight of the poor thing in pain made him sorry.

'You can come, if you like,' said Donald. 'I'm going to take it where it will be cared for.'

Harold followed. After a walk of several blocks, Donald stopped before a house and rang the bell. On the door was a printed plate. Harold read it.

'Animal Rescue League,' he read. 'What's that, Donald?'

'Just wait and see,' said Donald, as the door opened and they were admitted. Donald explained to the man that the cat was a homeless animal and had been hurt. The man took the animal tenderly, examined it and responded:

'All right, we'll look after it. I'm glad you brought it here. It's a fine animal, and after this wound is healed it will be all right. A lady was here only an hour ago asking if we had any cats that needed a home, and so there is a nice home waiting for it when it gets well.'

Donald smiled with pleasure.

'I knew you'd fix it up; and find a home for it, too.'

Harold also looked pleased. 'That's great,' he said. 'I didn't mean to hurt the cat. But it was just nobody's cat, and I wanted to scare it away.'

'Any time you see a neglected cat on the street or anywhere,' explained Donald, 'just bring it here. That's what this league is for. I belong to it, and you can join it, too, if you want to. We have our meeting upstairs in a few minutes. But before we go to that, I'll show you around the place.'

Donald led the way to the rear of the building, where they saw an interesting sight. The small city yard was fitted up as a playground for the starving and homeless animals that were brought there every day. A wire netting tacked to high posts all about kept them in. On top of the shed was a big wire cage for cats.

'What's this?' asked Harold, pointing to some boxes set along the wall within the shed.

'Oh, those are for the poor animals that are crippled or have some disease that cannot be cured. They are put there, and then they are put to sleep with chloroform or gas, and never wake up to suffer again.'

Donald passed along the hall and opened the door leading into the large reception room at the front of the house. The room had large bookcases full of books, and pictures of animals hung on the wall. There were a dozen boys and girls seated at the tables. Several kittens were playing about. As the boys took seats, a sweet-faced lady came in and began to talk to the children.

'The Heavenly Father gave kitty some gifts superior to ours,' said the lady, smiling at the little kittens playing on the floor near her. 'Their eyes are wonderful. The pupils grow so large in the darkness that a cat can see in the dark much better than we can. The long whiskers are very sensitive, and tell kitty just how small a space she can go through, for if her whiskers can go through without touching, her whole body can. Her little tongue is covered with in-turning points, and makes a regular little bath towel for her to wash herself with. Kitty is very independent, for while dogs have to be bathed to keep them clean, kitty can wash herself and comb her hair very nicely and does not ask your help. Her little feet are padded, so she can walk so quietly you cannot hear her.

'Now do you know why we have so many homeless cats? The chief reason is that cats wander from home in search of water to quench their thirst. Their owners may give them plenty to eat and milk to drink, but they must have water! And so they go creeping down the alleys or wandering through the streets, hunting for water. While away from home they are in great danger, from dogs who may pounce upon them and from thoughtless boys who throw stones at them, and unless there is a tree near, up which they can run, they have no chance to protect themselves.'

Harold's face grew red, and he was glad when the lady changed the subject and began to tell how to feed and how to treat a cat when ill.

'Donald,' said Harold, as they left the place at the close of the meeting, each carrying a pretty picture of kittens which the lady had given them, 'I'll join that Band of Mercy at the Animal Rescue League. And if I catch any fellows stoning cats the way you did me, I'll make him go and join, too.'

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Garden Making.

Gardens of loving kindness make,
That passers-by shall see—
Gardens of peace, for other's sake,
Beside a sunny lea,
That little wan children of earth may know
There's some one has thought of the way they go.

Hide not the gardens away, my dear,
In shelters where none pass by;
Sweeten the highways with hope's good cheer
Plant smiles where there grew a sigh;
Train vines of friendliness here and there,
Whose blossoms shall brighten a world of care.

—'Home Herald.'

A Too Easy Task.

We were watching the plumbers as they worked on the new home. One with a simple little cold-chisel had by dint of numerous brisk taps in a circle around it, cut in two a large iron pipe. Another was busy with a similar chisel cutting in halves a large piece of lead.

'Easy work,' I said, as I watched the latter drive the chisel into the soft material.

'Yes,' he replied, 'but this work spoils the chisel.'

'Lead is not hard enough to spoil a chisel,' I insisted.

'No,' the workman replied, 'but it takes all the temper out of it, so that it is good for nothing else. To cut much lead will spoil the finest cold-chisel.'

Soft seats, easy tasks and pathways strewn with roses, take the temper out of character, and produce good-for-nothing lives. Difficulties impart their own splendid fiber to those who master them.—Selected.

Why Conquer?

It is better to resist temptation from an unworthy motive than not to resist at all. Jesus Christ was the only man whose right-doing was always and only prompted by the highest of motives. It is a common experience to find oneself steeling himself against sin or failure of any sort because he is seeking other special help from God in some great need just then. A victory over temptation from such a motive is far from ideal, yet it is better than no victory at all; and God will help us to rise even by means of such halfway victories up to the high achievement of hating and conquering of sin merely because it is sin. Let us realize that there is no difference between failures, that every temptation yielded to is a complete break with God and character; and let us strive to conquer temptation because every such victory is, after the gift of the Son, which makes it possible, the supremest blessing that God can give his children.—'Sunday School Times.'

A Hindu's Limber Toes.

In those parts of India where ivory-carving is the principal occupation of the natives the children are early instructed in the handling of the carving tools. Their tools are not many, and they are so rough and plain that one wonders how such exquisite bits of carving can be done by them.

At first the youngsters are given elephants to carve, because elephants are considered quite simple to shape. Afterwards they do camels, bullocks, boats, carts, and sets of chessmen. But a boy's first lesson in ivory-carving consists in learning how to pick up tools with his feet. When he has really begun the work of a carver, he would feel greatly ashamed if he were obliged to drop his work to pick up a tool which had fallen to the floor. After a time he becomes so expert in picking up things with his feet that he does not consider it any accomplishment whatever to hold all his tools in this way, and he uses his toes much as we do our fingers.—Selected.

LITTLE FOLKS

A Severe Epidemic.

(By Lily Manker Allen, in the 'Child's Hour.')

Good morning, Mr. Doctor Man;
I'm coming to you quick
Because I am so dreadful 'fraid
My dollies will get sick.

Ruth's doll has got the fever,
An' Flossie's has the mumps,
An' Stella's has a hook in' cough,
An' Beth's some awful bumps.

Clarissa's has a broken leg,
An' Faye's has lost one eye,
An' Susie's has some chicken pox
An' measles, too—oh, my!

So hurry, Mr. Doctor Man,
An' blaccinate my two,
For if these dreadful things should spread,
What should I ever do?

The Little Black Hen.

(By Temple Bailey, in the Brooklyn 'Eagle.')

'I am going to travel,' said the Little Black Hen.

'Where will you go?' asked the Gray Goose.

'I am not sure,' said the Little Black Hen, 'but there must be some good that I can do in the world. Here in the barnyard I eat and lay eggs, and there are fifty other hens that do the same thing. The farmer has more eggs than he needs. I am going to seek some one whom I can help.'

'You'd better stay right here,' advised the Gray Goose; 'the world is big and you may have to go hungry.'

'Hunger is not the worst thing in the world,' said the plucky little hen. 'To-night I shall slip out quietly, and in the morning I shall be far away.'

Now, when the little hen had travelled many miles, she came to the edge of a lake so wide and so long that she could not fly across.

'Alas!' said the Little Black Hen, 'here I must stay on the edge of this lonely lake, or go back to the farm where no one needs me.'

All day long she wandered up and down, envying the wild geese who swam in the deep waters of the lake.

'If I could swim,' sighed the Little Black Hen; and just then, from out of the rushes, floated a strange flat boat with a red sail, and in the boat was an old, old man with a long gray beard.

The boat came very close to the shore, and the Little Black Hen flapped her wings and flew over the rushes and alighted on the bow of the flat boat, right in front of the old, old man.

And the old, old man said: 'Here is a little hen who will lay an egg for my breakfast.' And he made her a nice warm nest in the bottom of the boat, and the next morning the Little Black Hen laid a round white egg, and then she sat in the bow of the boat and cackled a song of triumph.

And every morning the old, old man had an egg for his breakfast, and in return he gave the Little Black Hen all the corn that she could eat.

And when they had sailed and sailed for many days, they came to the other side of the lake. And on the shore was a little gray hut, and out from the hut came a little girl, who ran down to the boat.

'Grandfather, grandfather,' cried the little girl, 'what have you brought me?'

'I have brought you a little black hen,' said the old, old man, 'and every morning she will lay an egg for your breakfast.'

And the little girl clapped her hands, and the little hen cackled, and all together they went into the little gray hut.

And the little girl put a basket in the corner of the fireplace and filled it with straw, and said: 'This is your nest, Little Black Hen, and here you can stay and keep me company when my grandfather goes out to fish.'

And there for a time the Little Black Hen lived happily, for the old, old man and the little girl were very poor and needed the eggs she laid for them.

But one morning the old, old man was ill, and could not go out to get fish for them to eat, and the little girl gave him the egg that the Little Black Hen had laid, and went without any breakfast.

'If only I could lay two eggs every day,' sighed the Little Black Hen, 'so that the little girl might be fed.'

And the next morning the little girl went without anything to eat, and the next, and she grew thin and pale; and at last the Little Black Hen made up her mind that something must be done.

So in the night she went down to the lake and called to the wild geese who flew overhead: 'Take a message back

SHE SAW THE TWO EGGS, SIDE BY SIDE.

—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

to the farm. Take a message back to the farm.'

And the wild geese sailed down and asked: 'What shall we say?' And the Little Black Hen said: 'Tell the Gray Goose that she must travel as I travelled for many miles until she comes to the lake, and then she must swim across and live here with me and lay an egg every morning for the old, old man, and I will lay one for the little girl.'

And the wild geese flew in a straight line to the farm and told the Gray Goose what the Little Black Hen had said.

'I am very comfortable here,' said the Gray Goose, 'but I suppose one is in this world for something more than comfort.' So that night she left the farm and travelled many miles until she came to the lake, and then she swam across and there on the shore was the Little Black Hen.

'Oh, dear,' said the Little Black Hen, 'I am so glad to see you, and now you must lay an egg at once, for the little girl must have something to eat.'

So she led the way to the gray hut, and the Gray Goose laid a big, round egg in the old basket, and then the Little Black Hen laid her egg, and then she cackled and cackled, and when the little girl came and saw the Gray Goose she opened her eyes very wide with surprise, and when she peeped into the old basket and saw the two eggs, the big one and the little one, side by side, she laughed for joy.

'Now my grandfather will get well,' she said, 'for every day he shall have a big fine egg.'

And he did get well, and with the Gray Goose and the little girl and the Little Black Hen lived happily ever after in the little gray hut.

In His Place.

A little Indian boy who had attended the Government schools at Keshena had a habit of going to school every morning at eight o'clock with his black dog, and returning home every evening at four o'clock. One day the little boy became sick, and was unable to go to school, but the dog went alone at eight o'clock and back at four o'clock every day for a whole week.—'St. Paul Dispatch.'

The Quarrelsome Scissors.

'I won't work with you,' said Ruth.

'I won't play with you,' said Jack.

Mamma looked at her two naughty children for a moment, then said: 'I will tell you a story of a pair of scissors. One blade quarrelled with the other. 'I won't cut with you,' it said. 'I won't cut with you,' said the other side. So they pulled and pulled until they pulled away from the rivet which held them together. What good were they then? Not a bit. They were swept up and thrown out into the ash barrel.'

Ruth looked at Jack and hung her head, and Jack looked at Ruth and seemed very much ashamed of himself.

'S'pose we work together, and then play together,' said Ruth.

'S'pose we do,' said Jack.—'Our Little Ones.'

How to be Happy.

Are you almost disgusted
  With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
  If anything ----
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
  With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
  Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
  Of the flood, little man—
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
  In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
  Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick
And all earthly affairs
  In a terrible whirl—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

'M. C. Advocate.'

A Collie's Confidence in His Mistress.

Once there was a lady who had two dogs. One was a fine black collie, with a long, pointed nose and beautiful dark eyes that could almost speak. The other was a little black and tan terrier, and he was so intelligent that he understood almost everything that was said to him or even before him. His name was Prince, and he lived in the big house with the lady, while Jack, the big collie, lived at the farmhouse just a little way off.

They were great friends and played together by the hour, running races over the lawn, rolling over and over till they looked like a big ball. The big fellow was as kind and gentle in his play as if he were the same size as Prince, and the lady had no fear for her pet.

But one sad day something happened which made Jack very angry with the little dog, and he forgot their long friendship and became so furious that he bit the poor little fellow so cruelly that he had to be put out of his misery, for he could never have gotten well again.

Now, Jack, when he came to himself and knew what he had done, was so ashamed and sorry that he would not come down to the house any more. But still the lady did not want to have him at the farmhouse, where she would see him often and be reminded of his wicked cruelty to her dear little pet. So she gave him to a man who lived some miles away in the country.

All this had happened in the early Spring, and as the months went on Jack never appeared at his old home to call on his old friends, for he understood and remembered what he had done and was very much ashamed of himself.

One afternoon in the Autumn when the lady had been taking a drive she came back to the house about sunset, when the wind was blowing cold, and the red leaves dropping over the grass. As she opened the gates she was astonished to see Jack lying on the grass beside the walk. When he saw her he got up and came slowly toward her, limping badly, and sat down in front of her, holding up his forepaw and looking up in her face as much as to say: 'Will you take this sharp thing out of my paw and forgive me for killing Prince?'

He didn't really say all this, but he looked it. The lady stooped down and, taking the paw in her hand, she saw that there was a large sharp thorn sticking in it so deep that the poor dog had not been able to pull it out with his teeth. She had to pull very hard, and it must have hurt a great deal, but he did not even whine. He sat quite still and watched her pull it out, and then he licked her hand, that being the only 'thank you' he could say, and he went right home and never was seen there again.

You see, the people he lived with would not take the trouble to help the poor lame dog, and he remembered how kind his mistress used to be to him in the happy old days, and he made up his mind he would go to her and see if she would still help him. But when he got what he wanted he was still too ashamed to linger, and so he went back and the lady never saw him at her house again. —Washington 'Star.'

Little Hands.

(By Frank Ellis.)

O what can little hands do
  They are so weak and small?
Small hands can smooth the brow of care,
And little burdens they can bear,
  And raise up those that fall.
Yes! this can little hands do
  That are so weak and small.

O what can little feet do
  That tired are so soon?
O they can run with footsteps fleet
On errands in love's service sweet,
  And give this little boon.
Yes! this can little feet do
  That tired are so soon.

O what can little lips do
  That only know one song?
O they can carol all the way,
And cheer with singing every day
  That else would be so long
Yes! this can little lips do
  That only know one song

Temperance

Victims of a Demon.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the 'National Advocate.')

In the silent midnight watches,
When the earth was wrapped in gloom,
And the grim and awful darkness
Crept unbidden to my room,
On the solemn, deathly stillness
Of the night there broke a sound
Like ten million wailing voices
Crying loudly from the ground.

We, the victims of a demon,
We who, one and each and all,
Can cry out before high Heaven
'We are slain by Alcohol!'
We would warn you, youths and maidens,
From the path that we have trod—
From the path that leads to ruin,
And away from Peace and God.

We, the millions who have fallen,
Warn you from the ruddy glow
Of the wine in silver goblets,
For destruction lies below.
Wine and gin and rum and brandy,
Whisky, cider, ale, and beer,
These have slain us and destroyed us—
These the foes that brought us here.

* * * * *

We beseech you, men and women—
Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives—
To arise and slay the demon
That is threatening dear ones' lives.
Do not preach of moderation
To your children, for, alas!
There is not a foe more subtle
Than the fateful social glass.

* * * * *

Men in office, men in power,
Will you let this demon wild
Stalk unfettered through the nation,
Slaying woman, man, and child?
Oh, arouse, ye listless mortals!
There is work for every one!
We have warned you of your danger—
We have spoken—we have done!

Economic Waste of the Saloon.

The Kansas City (Mo.) 'Times' writes editorially as follows:

'The spread of the prohibition movement affects more than the political and moral side of our life; it touches the economic conditions even more closely. The greatest waste of the American people is their neglect of their natural sources of wealth. But the greatest extravagance regarding the wealth already in possession is the support given to saloons. Throughout the South and West the restriction, and, in wide areas, the absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic, means greater stability to "good times," a more even distribution of prosperity, and added wealth to the class which stands most in need of good fortune. A flourishing saloon business means a hand-to-mouth existence for a great number of the people of this country. The utterly untenable notion that the liquor traffic helps a community or commonwealth in a commercial way and makes it more attractive will give way in the test of actual experience.'

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..HOUSEHOLD..

'It Meant Me.'

Dr. Bonar, of Scotland, tells a story of a lady getting into a conversation with a workman, and finding he was a happy Christian.

'How long have you been thus rejoicing?' she asked.

'Six months ago,' he said, 'I heard an address from the words, "Whosoever believeth hath everlasting life.' I could not take it to myself then,' he said, 'but when I went home that night I dreamt that "whosoever" meant "me." I got out of bed and got the Bible to see the words, and there it was, whosoever.'

'But you knew it was in the Bible, didn't you?'

'Yes, but I wanted to see it with my own eyes, and I've been resting on it ever since.'

Selected Recipes.

DEVILED OYSTERS. — Crop twenty-five oysters fine, add half cup cracker crumbs, a tablespoonful melted butter, one cup cream, salt and pepper. Butter oyster shells or fancy baking dishes, fill with the mixture and bake twenty minutes.

BALTIMORE PUDDING.—Get 10 cents worth of stale sponge cake and cut in thin slices. Lay in the bottom of a baking dish and fill to the top of the dish with either canned peaches or cherries. Then put a layer of cake slices on top. Make a meringue of two whites of eggs, beaten white and stiff, with two tablespoonfuls powdered sugar. Spread over the top and place in the oven a few minutes to color slightly.

CODFISH CHOWDER.—Pick off half a pint of codfish and soak it over night; change the water several times in the morning. Set the fish aside, and when ready to use, pare and thinly slice a pint of raw potatoes and one large onion. Heat a baking dish, butter it well and put in an alternate layer of fish, potatoes, onions and one cracker rolled fine. Cover with hot water and boil twenty minutes; then add salt to taste, a pint of milk and, if possible, a little cream. Serve very hot.

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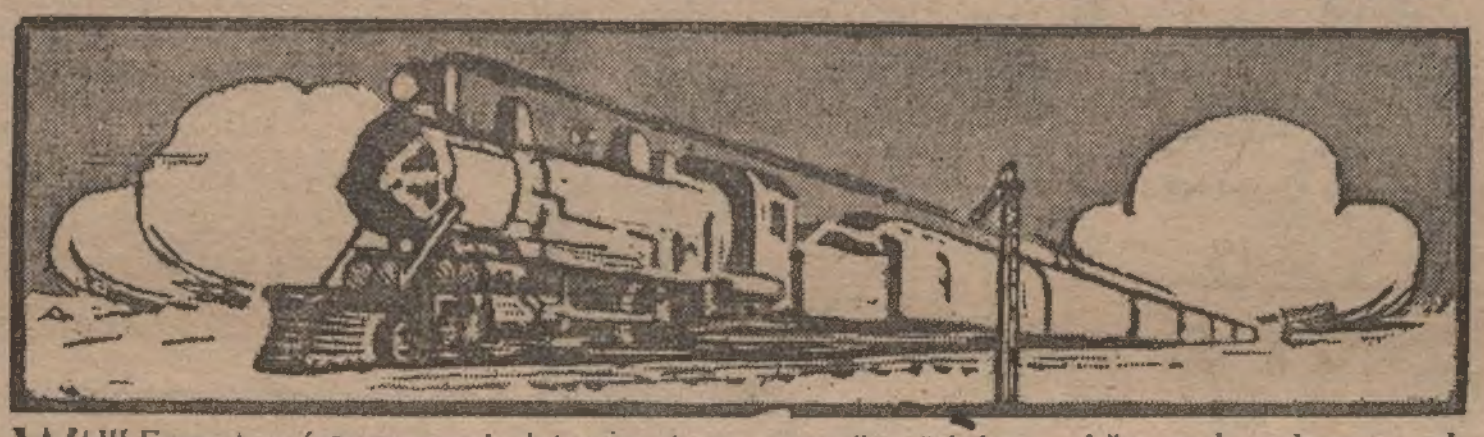

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